Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
*Qu.Mar.* Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
*Glo.* Tis done by me and ends by Margaret.
*Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
*Qu.M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
*Haſt.* Falſe boading woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.
*Qu.M.* Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
*Ri.* Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
*Qu.Ma.* To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
*Dorſ.* Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
*Qu.M.* Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
*Glo.* Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
*Dorſ.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
*Qu.Ma.* And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aeiries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
*Buck.* Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.
*Qu.M.* Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-



Vncharitably with me haue you dea
And ſhamefully by you my hopes
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhan
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſor
*Buck.* Haue done.
*Q. Mary.* O princely Buckingha
In ſigne of league and amitie with t
Now faire befall thee, and thy prin
Thy garments are not ſpotted wit
Nor thou within the compaſſe of
*Buck.* Nor no one here, for curſe
The lips of them that breath them
*Qu.Ma.* Ile not beleeue but they
And there awake Gods gentle ſle
O Buckingham beware of yonder
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, a
His venome tooth will rankle thee
Haue not doe with him, beware of
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet thei
And all their miniſters attend on h
*Glo.* What doth ſhe ſay my Lor
*Buck.* Nothing that I reſpect m
*Q. Ma.* What doeſt thou ſcorn
And ſoothd the diuell that I warne
O but remember this another day
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart
And ſay poore Margaret was a
Liue each of you, the ſubiects of
And he to you, and all of you to
*Haſt.* My haire doth ſtand on en
*Riu.* And ſo doth mine, I wonder
*Glo.* I cannot blame her by Go
She hath had too much wrong, a
My part thereof that I haue done
*Haſt.* I neuer did her any to my k
*Glo.* But you haue all the vantag
I was too hot to doe ſomebody g
That is too colde in thinking of
Marry as for Clarence, he is well



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